

The Weekly Museum.

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The Hill of Science.—A Vision.

IN that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock, overgrown with moss where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind in the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed that those who had but just began to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest, they could before discern, seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was looking on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the hill of science, on the top is the temple of truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself: her name was Memory. On entering this first inclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me, to such a degree that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; inasmuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harrangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self complacency.

About half way up the hill I observed on each side the path of a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut into labyrinths, crofs alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars; this was called the wood of error: And I heard the voices of many who were tost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavor-

ing in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested upon it; yet never so much but that it was discernable by the light which beamed from the countenance of truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up with the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colors than I had observed in any other climate; and near them was the dark walk of allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noon day was never stronger than that of a bright moonshine; this gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate winding, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitude who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed among them a youth, of lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius; he darted like an eagle up the mountains, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: But his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When pride beckoned toward the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untrod paths, and made so many excursions from the road, that his feeble companions often outstripped him. I observed that the muses beheld him with partiality; but truth often frowned, and turned aside her face.—While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitted pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness, for beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill tasted, their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw with some surprize, that the muses whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the passions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of igno-

rance, or the mansions of misery. Among the seducers, who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of truth from the path of science; there was one so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains.

Indolence, (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power, like that of the Torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom before they had suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of insignificance: A dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled, passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the path of science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of appetite and passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels, and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddess seemed to shed a glory round its votaries.—Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of divine features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of content! What, said I, does virtue then reside in the Vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountains, I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the Sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of critics, and bless the hermit in his cell: I have a temple in every heart, that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present.

Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill-dews were falling around me, and the shades of the evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

Aikin's Mijest.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

CONSTANCY.

IN plaintive cooings to the turtle dove,
Laments the fate of his departed love;
His mate once lost—no comfort now he knows,
His little breast with inward anguish glows;
Nor lawns, nor groves his throbbing heart can
charm,
No other love his languid bosom warm,
Opprest with grief, he yields his latest breath,
And proves at last his constancy in death.
A proper lesson to the fickle mind,
An emblem apt of tenderness refin'd,
Affection pure, and undissembled love,
Which absence, time, nor death can e'er remove.
Thus like the Dove's may constancy and truth,
With spotless innocence adorn my youth;
In ev'ry state, the same blest temper prove,
Be fixt in friendship and be true to love.
Broadway, May 30. MARIA.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FRIENDSHIP.

OH Friendship! thou soft delightful name,
Thou pleasing, social, sympathizing flame;
In thee the mild delights at once reside,
And o'er each tender breast serenely glide;
That sweet emotion pleasingly endears
The heart, the mind, the pensive soul it cheers;
For when we feel the bitter shafts of grief,
A friendly bosom's then a sure relief;
Endearing sympathy averts the dart,
Composes, soothes, and calms the ruffled heart.
Broadway, May 30. FEMALE SCRIBBLER.

The WONDER!

I Wonder why the generality of the female sex
As soon as ever they get married, and get in-
volved in family concerns, should turn to be scolds.
My neighbour D— tells me there never was a
more placid and even-tempered creature on the
whole earth than his dear was before he was mar-
ried. "I enjoyed, said he, three happy years in
courtship with her, during which term she was all
good nature, and you would not think that a cross
word ever could be emitted from her lips, but
now how reverse the scene; dreadful to tell! The
hymenial knot had not long been tied before she
commenced a boisterous scold, and now you may
hear her once delightful voice employed in dealing
out threats, and finding fault with every body and
every thing; and I, hating contention, and wil-
ling to sacrifice my feelings to preserve peace,
have to sit down and bear it. The females are
preaching up the deceit of the male sex; but I
wonder they don't look at home; for it is my solid
opinion that the females practice more deceit in a
day, than the males do in a year. I am deter-
mined, if I ever live to get rid of my present
torment, never to trust myself again in the power
of any of their sex; though I really think that a
good wife is a good piece of furniture, but I know
my weak judgment so well, I know I can't find
one; besides, "a burnt child dreads the fire."

LOVE.

SECURITY is the poison of love; the little
God, if suffered to be conscious of possessing
wings, will never rest till he has tried their strength;
and if once permitted to soar from the shackles of
allurement, he will never return, except to re-
proach his tyrant for past inhumanity.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To the GENIUS of the WYE.

A river in Herefordshire, England.

HOAR genius of th' Wye's translucent wave,
Who lov'st to revel in the noon-tide beam;
Who from thy dusky couch, or gelid cave,
What time the Naiads seek thy cooling stream.
Oft' rushest and behold'st their sports—thy head
With pearl and spar and coral wreaths bespread;
Attend—a bard whose Heav'n illumin'd soul,
Surveys th' beauties of each varying pole:
Thy river sings—thy sedge-crown'd urn high raise,
And let thy mountains speak the poets praise.

For tho' thy silver'd flood majestic glides
Through many violet embroider'd vales;
Thou golden harvests grace its ample sides,
And many fir-top'd hills, and thymy dales.

From woody Mowens lofty brow,
What tho' in wanton maze it bound;
What tho' through woodbine groves it flow,
And Foxley's highly cultur'd ground.

What tho' through Clongor's willow'd shade,
Its babbling rill soft murmur'ing creeps;
What tho' it feeds the woodland glade,
Where the chaste primrose lonely sleeps.

Or foaming wild o'er Arthur's rocky den,
Or hoar'ly rushing through his gloomy bow-
ers;

Thy copious waves forsake the desert glen,
To lave th' blushing sweets of Parthia's
flowers.

Tho' many a time-bent Druid near thy urn,
Hath from his rude harp sung a witching
strain;

Hath felt his breast with frantic ardor burn,
While closer strain'd enthusiasts chain.

Yet, yet unfung thy beaut'ous river stream'd,
And dashing o'er thy fertile meadows gleam'd,
Till JULIA's Bard thy soft meand'ring told,
And pointed where thy waves luxuriant roll'd;
Snatch'd from obscurity its humble name,
And round thy brows entwined bright wreaths of
fame.

O, bid thy shepherds grassy temples rear,
Be show'rs of fragrant blossoms scatter'd there,
And on pure crystal LYCIDAS engrave,
Who from obliv' on rescued Wye's lov'd waves.
O, bid thy nymphs the summers sweets combine,
And her gay flowrets into chaplets twine;
These round his Fane shall hang in deathless bloom,
And shed upon the sacred spot perfume.
His honor'd name to all thy wild woods teach,
And carve it deep on ev'ry spreading beech:
Let echo sound it on the winding shore,
Till time and memory shall be no more.

To LYCIDAS.

O, tell me LYCIDAS! what pow'r unkind,
Deaf to thy song, and to thy genius blind,
While fancy's vis'ons bright before thee roll,
Spreads sorrow's sable veil upon thy soul:
It must be love—ah me, the tyrant boy
Smiles to deceive and flatters to destroy;
And where his glowing roses proudest shine,
Despairs cold serpents most delight to twine.

While soft from Hudson's rocky side,
Where deep his fullen waters glide.

Thy magic numbers fascinating flow,
Reflect that Tibullus whose melting song,
Spread loves contagion thro' th' Roman throng,
Found one hard bosom careless of his pains,
For gold had charm'd her 'gainst his tender strains;
Far, far from thee may such hard fate remove,
Ne'er may'st thou feel the pangs of hopeless love,
Or know that avarice decrees the woe.

JULIA.

May 30, 1793.

The MEDLEY.

ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1775, a farmer of Bucks county,
assisted by his people, working in harvest,
killed a rattle-snake; and soon after, having oc-
casion to go home, took up by mistake his son's
jacket, and put it on; the son was a stripling,
and both their jackets were made of the same kind
of cloth. The old man being warm, did not
button the jacket till he got to the house, then
found it much too little for him; he instantly con-
ceived the idea, that he had been imperceptibly
bitten by the rattle-snake, and swelled from the
effects of the poison. He grew suddenly very ill,
and was put to bed. The people about him were
very much alarmed, and sent for two or three
physicians; one of whom poured down his throat
a pint of melted lard—another gave him a dose
of wild plantain—and the third made him drink
hoar-hound tea, made very strong. Notwithstand-
ing all, he grew worse, and was to all appear-
ance on the verge of dissolution, when his son
came home, with the old gentleman's jacket
hanging like a bag about him.—The whole
mystery was at once unraveled, and the poor far-
mer, notwithstanding his drenches of hog's-fat,
plantain and hoar-hound, was well in an instant.

The HUSBAND to his painting LADY.

[Next morning after Marriage.]

I Lov'd thee, beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

ANECDOTE.

SOME years since, among other articles of mer-
chandise for public auction at a coffee house in
Philadelphia, was a quantity of oakum, belonging
to some British merchants who were standing by. A
sailor, passing, asked if the oakum was to be sold?
They replied in the affirmative. "I believe it is
English oakum," said the sailor, taking some of it in
his hand, "Yes." "D—n my eyes (replied he)
but Old England has got to what I always thought
she would come to—to pick oakum for America."

A TAILOR on a TAVERN BILL.

LET me see—Bread and beer—tripe and
dressing—hey dey!
And wine and Welch rabbit—here's the devil to
pay!

And then, O my conscience! beside this long bill,
Out of every poor pint he has cabbag'd a gill:
For all his fine bows, and his speeches and whee-
dle,

I swear that a vintner's as sharp as a needle!"

The vintner, in hearing, replied, "Tis your
pleasure,

'Gainst another man's bill to run out beyond mea-
sure,

If we come to tax reckoning, we shall easily find
Many items and items not at all to our mind;
There's you silk, twist, and buckram, materials
and making,

And a remnant—but pardon the freedom I'm ta-
king:

Come, live, and let live without any repining;
I pay for my DOUBLET, pay you for your LI-
NING!"

A VIRTUOUS MAN.

THE evening of age to a virtuous man is
calm and unclouded, he sinks into the grave
like a setting sun, adorned with tempered lustre,
directing his course to a goal, from whence he
may rise again with renovated splendor.

New-York, June 8,

We learn from good authority, that in October one of the back counties in this state, was made 160,000lb. of good merchantable maple sugar—And, we doubt not but much will be made, and quantities of this necessary article brought to this city for sale.

The brig Two Brothers, Capt. Rose, arrived at Bolton, from St. Peters. The commander informs, that on the 14th inst. a British armament of two frigates, two sloops of war, and a transport, arrived off St. Peters, (Newfoundland) and immediately made preparations for landing the marines and troops; who, meeting with no resistance, took possession of the Island: That on the landing of the troops, Capt. Rose, cut his cables, and slipped to sea; and that there was one American vessel there, a schooner of Bolton, Capt. Barke, and about twenty French fishing vessels. The British Squadron was commanded by commodore Affleck—the troops by Gen. Ogilvie.

Philadelphia, June 3.

Capt. R. Reading of the ship Betsey of New York, between lat. 22, and 24, spoke his Britannick Majesty's ships Europa of 50, Penelope 36, Pegasus 36, Serpent 20, a cutter 16, and a privateer of 10 guns, who informed him they were bound to the northward of Bermuda on a cruise.

The ship William and brig Active, prizes to the Genet, taken the 3d and 9th of May, have been entered at the custom house in the name of Messrs. Osborn & Dalton prize masters. there cargoes were only 12 puncheons of rum, and 10 bales of canvass.

The fort of Mud Island is put into repair, and will be garrisoned so as to prevent any more ships of war from coming up to disturb the peace of Philadelphia.

Lately died (or more properly was killed) at his seat in Anson county, North Carolina, the Hon Samuel Spencer, L. L. D. and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of that state. "Judge Spencer's health had been declining (says the N. Carolina State Gazette) for about two years, but he performed the last circuit three months since, and we understand intended to have left home in a few days for Edenton, where the superior court is now sitting, had it not been for the following unfortunate accident, which it is thought hastened his death:—He was sitting in his piazza with a red cap on his head, when a large cock turkey passing, the judge being sleepy began to nod, when the turkey mistaking the nodding of the red cap for a challenge, made so violent and unexpected an attack on his honour, that he threw him out of his chair on the floor, and before he could get any assistance, so beat and bruised him, that he died within a few days after."

In this degen'rate age

What hosts of knaves engage'—

Do all they can

To fitter man,

Dreading he should be free;

Leagu'd with the scoundrel pack,

Ev'n turkey-cocks attack

The CAP of Liberty.

BOSTON, June 1.

On Wednesday evening, arrived at New Bedford, the ship Canton, Capt. Hayden, from Dunkirk, in France, which he left the 13th April. The Editor has been favoured with a perusal of a letter brought by this arrival; from which he has extracted the following:

Dunkirk, 13th April, 1793.

"According to all appearance, every moment is big with events, not the most pleasing. The passengers will give the particulars of the unexpected catastrophe of Dumourier's defection, which has caused the defeat and almost entire dissolution of the French army.

"The enemy has entered the French territory, and the result is wisely hid from us. Two of the most dreadful calamities that can befall a country, seem to invade the Southern Department; civil wars have commenced, and famine threatens them."

New-Bedford, Wednesday, 10 o'clock, P. M.

"I have been closely engaged, since the Canton's arrival, two hours since, in looking over my letters, and hearing the calamities of France detailed by the passengers, who, not being politicians, differ so much in their reports, that I can scarcely collect a chain of intelligence to be depended upon. By the best information I have gained, it appears that Dumourier, with Generals Valence, and Egalite (the younger) two hundred officers, and 4000 men, had joined the Austrian army: That the French, though apparently in good spirits, were making but feeble resistance, and that the Austrians were within five or six leagues of Dunkirk, and it was not expected it could be held from them.

"Paris papers to the 10th April have been received by the Canton, arrived at New- Bedford—They corroborate the intelligence we this day communicate.

The remains of the French army lately commanded by Dumourier, were in France, about fifteen miles from Dunkirk; at the date of our last accounts."

London, April, 20.—The intelligence which we communicated on Monday last, respecting Generals Miranda, Stingen, and Lanoue, we were hopeful would have proved unfounded. Subsequent advices, however, put it beyond doubt, that they had suffered on the scaffold. The same advices state, that Santerre, the Commandant General of Paris, has been appointed Commander in Chief of the French armies.

It is also confirmed, that Conde has surrendered to the Austrians.

Valenciennes is regularly invested.

On the 13th instant, Marat was arrested, in consequence of a Decree of the National Convention, and committed to the prison of the Abbaye.

The public credit has received another shock in the failure of an house established for upwards of sixty years; Messrs. Burton, Forbes, and Gregory, bankers. The sum for which they are stated to have failed is variously estimated. Our particular enquiries, however, enable us to rate it at 1,700,000l.

We are sorry to state, that in addition to other failures to a large amount, the house of Harrison, brother to the present Lord Mayor, stopt payment yesterday.

**COURT OF HYMEN.
MARRIED**

On Monday Evening the 27th ult at Coldingham, in Ulster County, by the Rev. Mr Fowler the Reverend Mr. FREDERICK VAN HORN, of this City, Esquire, to Miss ELIZABETH COLDEN ANTILL, Grand daughter to Cadwaladar Colden, Esquire, of Coldingham.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M^cKnight, Mr. SAMUEL WILLSON, to Miss THEODOSIA MACKAY, both of this city.

T H E A T R E.

Messrs. Robins and West, jun's. Night.

On MONDAY EVENING, June the 10th, will be presented, a COMEDY, called, *The*

JEALOUS WIFE.

With a Variety of Entertainments.

To which will be added, a FARCE, called, *The*

Prisoner at Large;

Or, *The Humours of Killarney.*

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

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A very Elegant Chaise.

Finished in the most Fashionable and Superb manner.



For Freight or Charter,
The New, well built, and staunch
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D I A D A M A,

BURTHEN about 100 Tons, Benjamin Tew, master, will take in a cargo for the West-Indies, or Cadiz, for terms apply to

MINTURN and CHAMPLIN,

No. 216, Queen-street.

Intelligence Office.

At Yorick's Head, No. 3, Peck-Slip.

WANTED

TWO APPRENTICES, to a good business, their working clothes will be found—Boys from the country will be preferred. Enquire at this office.

WANTED, a man of sobriety and honesty, that understands accounts, to collect money and do other out-door business. Enquire at this office.

AN APPRENTICE wanted to a Good Business. None need apply unless of reputable connexions.

WANTED

A Young Woman, who can bring good recommendations, to do housework, &c.—Enquire of the printer.

A Woman with a good breast of milk, wished to take a child to nurse.—Enquire at this Office.

Court of Apollo.

Extract of a Letter from a Country House-Wife to her Friend in the City.

UP in the morning I must rise,
Before I've time to rub my eyes:
With halfpinn'd gown, unbuckled shoe,
I hast to milk my lowing cow,
But O! it makes my heart to ache—
I have no bread till I can bake;
And then it makes me sadly mutter,
That I must churn or have no butter.
The hogs with swill too I must serve,
For hogs must eat, or man must starve.
Besides my spouse can get no clothes,
Unless I much offend my nose;
For all, I try—I know'tis true,
There is no scent like colouring blue.
Then round about the town I ride,
And make inquiries far and wide,
To find some girl who is a spinner;
Then hurry home to get some dinner.
If with romantic steps I stray,
Around the fields, or meadows gay,
The grass, besprinkled with the dew,
Will wet my feet and rot my shoe:
Or on a mossy bank I sleep,
Pismires and crickets on me creep:
Or near the purling rill am seen,
There dire musqueto's pierce my skin,
Yet such delights I seldom see,
Confin'd to house and family.
All summer long I toil and sweat,
Blister my hands, and scold, and fret.
And when the summer's work is o'er,
New toils arise from autumn's store;
Corn must be husk'd and pork be kill'd,
The house with all confusion fill'd:
O! could you see the grand display,
Upon the annual butchering day;
See me look like ten thousand sluts,
The kitchen spread with grease and guts,
You'd lift your hands, surpriz'd, and swear,
That old Moll Pitcher's self was there.
Ye starch'd-up-folks, that live in town,
That lounge upon your beds of down,
That never tire yourselves with work,
Unless with handling knife and fork;
Come see the sweets of country life,
Display'd in C——n J——n's wife.

Mr. Harrison,

HAPPENING to peruse your museum of Saturday last to my great surprize I perceived my name published as being married to a young lady of this city, which is entirely without foundation. Who was the fabricator of that falsehood I have not been so fortunate as to discover; but should I hereafter, he will meet with a chastisement equal to his deserts, from
New-York June 5. HENRY PHILIPS.

TEA TRAYS.

A Few handsome Tea Trays of various figures, just opened and for sale by
JEREMIAH HALLET, & Co.
No. 52, Water Street, next door to the corner of Bowling-slip:—
Also,
Tin boxes, sheet lead, brass kettles, cabinet wares, shovels and spades, screw augers, sythes, sickles, cutlery. With a general assortment of Ironmongery, Sadlery, &c. &c.
The above Articles will be sold on reasonable terms

NATHANIEL SMITH,

BEES leave to recommend his incomparable Beautifying CAKES for making SHINING LIQUID BLACKING for Carriages, Chair Bottoms, Shoes, Boots, &c. or any kind of Leather requiring beautiful black jet shining gloss. Made and Sold Wholesale and Retail for exportation by him at his Perfume Manufactory, from London, the Rose, No. 42, Hanover-Square, New-York. Price one shilling each Cake.

The above blacking has this farther good quality, that it won't soil the fingers in putting on, nor the stocking in wearing; for if a blacking brush is not hand, a cloths brush may be used, and not the least soil will come off on the most delicate cloth after it.

Shagreen cases, made for miniture pictures, and all other kinds of jewellery. Travelling trunks of all sizes ready made. Hair powder, soft and hard pomatum. Tortise shell, horn, and ivory combs of all kinds. Razors, scissors and pen knives. Tooth brushes and tooth powder. Shoe brushes and buckel do. Milk of roses, face powder and rouge. Wash balls of all kinds. Essence of lemon, burgamot, lavender, roses and jessamin. Lavender water, with all other kinds of perfume-ry. Lip salve of roses, cold cream, marshall powder. Razor straps, powder puffs, black pins, hat do. Court plaster, hair ribbon, smelling bottles. Bear's grease, Smith's pomade de grease to make the hair grow. Windsor soap, shaving boxes and brushes, dressing boxes and shaving do.

Ladies drets and half dret's cushions, curls, and braids, ready made, or made to any pattern, with a great assortment of long hair for sale; with all the best kinds of hair powder, both scented and plain.

Masters of vessels and store keepers supplied as usual, wholesale and retail, with the best article, in the branches of perfumery good and cheap.

THE proprietors of the MAIL DILIGENCE beg leave to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have altered their hours of starting from sun-rise in the morning from Powlis's Hook, to that of 9 o'clock every day in the week, except Sunday, and start every Saturday morning at 7 o'clock, and on Friday at 3 o'clock. Seats for this Stage must be engaged of JAMES CARR, at the Mail Stage Office, City Tavern, Broad-Way. The fare of each passenger, 4 Dollars, way-passengers, 4d. per mile, 150lb. of baggage the same as a passenger, the baggage at the risk of the owner. Seven passengers can only be admitted in this Stage, on any pretence whatever.

Expreses and extra Stages to be had at this Office, to go to any part of the Continent.

JOHN N. CUMMINGS, & Co.

March 23.

JAMES WEEKS, MERCHANT TAYLOR,

No. 84, Water-Street.

FINDS himself under great obligations to his customers, for which he returns his most grateful thanks, and hopes by his exertions to please, he shall merit a continuance of their favours.

He also informs his friends, customers and the public in general, that he has just received by the last arrivals, an addition to his assortment of the best London superfine broad cloths and cassimers, as well as the most fashionable mixtures as plain; an elegant assortment of vest shapies, black satin of the best quality, with proper trimming, and a variety of other articles, suitable to his business, all of which he is determined to sell on as low terms as possible.

May 4.

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

Imported in the Ship Peter, Captain Hufsey,
Best London-Superfine Broad Cloths,
Among which are the most fashionable mixtures,

Also by the latest Spring Vessels,
Navy blue, dark and light do. green drabs, pearls, lead, slate, browns, dark, snuff, black and ravens grey, and a variety of very handsome mixtures and trimmings, suitable for the above.

Cassimers of different colours milled and plain, Vest patterns of different kinds, Mullins tamboured with gold, silver and silk, Silk Florentine of a superior quality, Striped Nankeens and India do.

for sale by

CALEB HAVILAND,

Taylor, No 13, Goldentill-Street.

Who returns his sincere thanks to those who have favoured him with their custom; and now assures them and the public in general, that he is furnished with cloths and trimmings of a superior quality, and is determined to sell them at as reasonable a rate as any person can afford in this city.

American Manufactured

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

Black LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and irons with brass heads. Plains of various sorts good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles, Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on reasonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,

No. 2, Beekman-Slip.

ANDREW S. NORWOOD,

UPHOLSTERER,

No 13, William-Street, New-York,

HAVING commenced business in the above line, solicits the patronage of his Friends and the Public. He is determined that his assiduity and exertions to give satisfaction to his employers, will merit a continuance of their favours.

He makes Sofas, Settees, Easy and other Chairs, Feather Beds, Hair Mattresses, Flock do. Venetian Blinds, Bed and Window Curtains, &c. Ships Cabins furnished with Curtains and Mattresses, &c. &c. &c.—PAPER HANGINGS put up with Neatness and Dispatch.

CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful for those who travel by land or water, and very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by applying a common match. No family ought to be without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-Street and Beekman-Slip,

Who has also for sale, a large assortment of

Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.

Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering goods from this store, may depend upon being served with fidelity and dispatch.

T O B E L E T,

THE upper part of a house, containing two elegant rooms and a bed room, with part of a yard, garret and cellar.—Enquire of the Printer, or of Laughlan M'Donald, No. 4, lower end of Moore-Street.